



Drawn by Meredith Walker.

Drawn by Mary Mollwaine Archer.

Modern Hotel at Cleveland
Springs, N. C.
HELBY, N. C., May 15.—O. M. Mun,
retary-treasurer of the Cleveland
ings Hotel Company, announces
t all of the plans for the erection
the proposed big hotel at Cleved'Springs have been completed and
contracts for the brick and wood
ik awarded.

ik awarded.
The hotel is to have 200 rooms, paster and freight elevators, electricits and steam heat. The work of ging the foundation has been comiced and the brick and timber cerials are being assembled ready rush work, by or before the first June.

PRICES MUST EASE DOWN

iness Developments, According to inn, Point to Moderate Reduc-tions—The Causes and Effects. (EW YORK, May 15.—Dun's today

: ne business developments of re-

the business developments of retweeks have not been unexpected ications of impending economic reustment having me time ago at the control of the control of

DICATIONS ARE THAT.

Correspondence Column

315 Fourth Ave., Highland Park.

Page.



F. H. BOATWRIGHT,

(Northside Building Corp.)

See Other Views of These Houses on This



The birds were singing, the flowers

little town had been built up since the world war. It was a beautiful day.

Yes, a beautiful day, and it was Sun--Mother's Day.

day—Mother's Day.

In this town lived a little boy, Goorge, whose father was killed in the world war. His mother was very poor, and with her slim salary she would have to clothe and feed herself and little George.

On this particular day of which I am speaking little George wanted to go to church, but if he went he wanted to wear a white flower for his mother. Other people had beautiful flower gardens, but they had none.

tiful flower gardens, but they had none.

Still George prepared to go to church. He was only a little boy, but had good manners. As he was on his way to church he met a boy about his size. The boy remarked upon little George's sadness. To this question little George's replied: "I love my mother as well as any one can love one's mother, but I haven't a white flower to wear for her."

The other boy answered: "Pshaw! that's nothing, and, besides, Fu not going to wear one." And giving a scornful look at George, he ran away, leaving George in despair.

After walking a trifle further George met another little boy. This child had a more friendly face than the other boy, who had even made fun of George. In his hand was a beautiful bunch of liles of the valley, Little George spoke very politely to this little boy. The little boy asked: "My friend, I see you are in trouble. Tell me and it may be that I can help you."

you."
Then George replied by saying: "We are only poor people; we haven't a flower garden. Today is the day for me to respect my mother by wearing a white flower, but I have none to wear."

Once there was a little girl name
Doris. One day as she was walking
along she met some little fairles. The
fairles asked her if she would like
to go with them. She answered.
Thes, I surely would, very much," and
Doris and the fairles started off. All
at once they reached a large glass
mountain, which, under this mountain was a cave. This was a beautiful scene. Doris stayed here two
weeks. Then the fairles took her
home, And she never saw the glass
hill nor the fairles any more. And
Doris lived happily ever after.

VIRGINIA STEVENS.

END OF DAY.

At sunset, the farmer can be seen
wending his way homeward. At a
glance one can see that his daily toil
is of a strenuous character.
Over his left shoulder is a rake and
a sythe.

Along the readside over which he
walks can be seen large toes which
are casting many shadows in the cool
are refreshing stream.
Upon entering his door, he is welcomed by his wife and children,
which gives to the observer of the
picture of complete happiness.

FANNIE BARKER.

Puzzle Department

Jumbled Names of Flowers.

1. Rayps. 5. Irii-fo-het-lavyel. MARY RICHARDSON.

My fifth is in E, but not in Easter

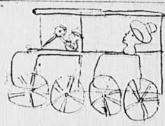
My sixth is my first name.

DEANE M. MEANLEY.

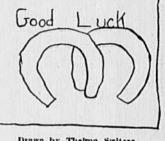
Jumbled Names of Boys.

JOSEPH DUCHARME.









Drawn by Thelma Switzer.







TAG THIS IS WHERE

OUR LETTES GO TO WASTE TO MAKET HEM IN HASTE



Drawn by Wythe W. Holt.

